

# The Literary Register.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

VOL. I. OXFORD, OHIO, MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1828. NO. 10

EDITED BY THE PROFESSORS OF THE MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

## ORIGINAL.

### INDIAN REFORM.

On this subject, there exists a great diversity of opinion. This arises from inaccurate observation, limited inductions and deficient information. The two first can be remedied only by repeating the process with more care, under better auspices, and to a greater extent: and this alone can supply the information necessary to a correct understanding of the subject.

The most that can be done, at present, is to collect the facts, stated by actual observers; reconcile them, as far as possible, when they appear to differ; correct what, in the statements of them, is obviously erroneous, upon a comparison of the whole; and abstracting whatever may have contributed to excite the sympathies, or enlist the prejudices of those on whom we depend for information—to arrive, if possible, at more correct results than have hitherto been obtained.

The facts, which are admitted by all, need not be formally stated, and as proof in regard to them is unnecessary, they will be assumed in the course of the discussion, as occasion may require.

To reconcile the different and even contradictory characters which are given of the American Indians, we must observe, that those who describe them are of two classes: that the narratives of the same class, except on points of minor interest, are sub-

stantially alike: that the discrepancies between the narratives of the different classes are exactly what, under their respective circumstances, we would naturally expect them to be: and that when individuals of each class dissent from the opinions of their party, they mutually agree in their statement of facts, and in the inferences which they draw from them.

These two parties—to one of which belongs every witness who testifies for or against the aborigines of our country—have been formed from no views of interest, nor from any previous difference of education, pursuit or opinion, which might account for the different views which they take of the Indian character: but, viewing it from different positions, taken without reference to the question in debate, they saw and recorded different traits; and with equal intelligence and equal candour, came to different conclusions, as eulogists or libellers of the injured savage. Their observations having been made from different points, and a part mistaken for the whole, the accuracy and fidelity of the witnesses, contrary to the usual results, serve but to increase the diversity of their testimony.

We admit then, the testimony of both parties so far as regards the facts which their experience and observation have furnished—always preferring those which are best supported—without adopting the conclusions of either, where ignorance, or prejudice, or partiality seem to have influenced their judgments or

lent coloring to the picture. Indeed it is only where they attempt to make out full decisions, from partial testimony, that there is found any *inconsistency*—however great the *difference*—in the accounts which they give. Hence we are compelled to believe, that by a judicious use of the information furnished by Government agents and respectable “Indian traders,” together with that which we receive through the Missionaries, who have been employed in a different capacity among the Indians, more correct opinions, than those advanced by either of the parties, might be formed; though doubtless still very erroneous, from our having at last but partial data from which to proceed. It will have been observed, that we rank, as opposed to each other, the agents of Government and Indian traders, on the one hand; and the Missionaries and Superintendents of mission schools, on the other. Their accounts, for the most part, present a striking contrast; but not more striking than do the relations which they severally sustained to the subjects of their remark. The commissioner and the trader meet the Indians on business of a commercial or political nature. They are, and feel themselves to be, an injured race—injured by the very people who now propose to treat or traffic with them. They are sensible of their inferiority both in power and address. Their dearest interests are at stake; and their circumstances such as to call forth every thing unamiable and disengenuous that belongs to human nature. Galled by an experience of long continued, often repeated and ever increasing wrongs; stung by a conscious inability to resist them; provoked by the cool, deliberate and even bantering manner in which the negotiations are conducted by their adversaries—for such they consider them—secretly writhing under a sense of insult, conveyed by urging motives and ar-

guments which, they know, would not be used under circumstances of equality—“you had better accede to our terms: for we have the *power*, and *may*”—the Indians translate it *will*—“compel you to accept conditions less favorable”—trembling for the result, lest they may be defrauded of their property; or, under the pretext of an agreement or treaty, they may be compelled to relinquish their homes, the haunts of their childhood, the recollections of their youth, the scenes of their manhood’s toils and sports, the anticipated asylum of their declining life, the depositary of their dust, the graves of their fathers—for Indians are men, and think as men—tantalised by the often repeated story of their great father, the President’s care of them; when they see but too plainly that the whole business is marked with duplicity, and—in their opinion at least—characterized by but ill disguised violence and fraud; what else could be expected of them, than precisely such exhibitions of character, as are, almost uniformly, recorded by this class of Indian chroniclers?

Under such circumstances, what is more natural—I do not mean for Indians, but for men of every nation and every colour—than to return injury for injury; to meet fraud with fraud; to repel insult by insult; to frustrate the designs of their enemies by false information, and their impertinent inquiries by fictitious replies; to evade the force of sophistical arguments and false motives, to which their want of language disqualifies them from replying, by affecting not to understand them, though at the hazard of being charged with the most obdurate stupidity by those who were not too well satisfied with the conclusions of their own reasoning, nor could have had the effrontery to use it but to uninformed savages. Hence, the Indians are represented as fraudulent, faithless, licentious, inconstant, revengeful, ad-

dicted to falsehood, of incorrigible stupidity, inveterate indolence, irreclaimable barbarism, and the grossest idolatry! But are these traits peculiar to the Indian character? Are they not common to human nature, under similar circumstances in every part, and in every age of the world? What would the character of these historians themselves gain by comparison with that which they give of the Indians? Let the opinions which they entertain of the whites, and which they have formed from the very transactions which have made them mutually acquainted with each other, answer. If the Lion could paint he would reverse the picture, and if the Indian could write he would at least furnish the counterpart to the narratives given by his oppressors. In a national capacity, dare we institute a comparison of our own conduct with theirs? Have they been less observant of mutual and solemn treaties than we have been? Is there any thing in this part of their conduct characteristically different from that of other nations, whether savage or civilized? The rigidest moralists and the most scrupulous casuists admit, that a treaty made by constraint—like an oath or a promise exacted through fear—is binding only while the necessity which produced it exists; and that it may be broken with impunity when ever resistance would be available. Upon this principle, what treaty, made with the Indians, would be binding longer than until they were, or thought themselves, able to throw off the obligation which it imposed? Let the argument alluded to, as so frequently used, in one shape or other, while treating with them—"you had better: for you must"—answer this question. We excuse ourselves by remarking, that history furnishes but few examples of inviolate public faith. Expedience, not justice, is the governing principle in the policy of nations. This is indeed too true--

especially in the conduct of the more powerful towards weaker states. But if this plead an extenuation at all, it ought to be allowed to plead most powerfully in behalf of the weaker and less informed. And whilst we learn the various arts practised by the Romans in order to avoid disadvantageous contracts, charging at the same time the Carthaginians with treachery; and hear the wisest and most warlike of the Greeks gravely teaching that, "boys are to be deceived with dice but enemies with oaths"; and observe the modern Italians adopting the most elaborate system of chicanery in their political transactions; and in short, see almost every government on earth more or less chargeable with a too firm belief in the doctrine, that "National crime is punished in a national capacity;" and that therefore individuals are not culpable—we should not rashly conclude, that because the Indians are in some degree chargeable with the same course of conduct, they are therefore more culpable or less capable of reform than others. So far then, as the testimony of this class of witnesses is admissible, there would seem to be no insurmountable difficulty in bringing about that change in the habits and character of the Indians which is chiefly contemplated in the idea of reform. But there are some things of the first importance, connected with the subject, which, as was before stated, we must learn from a different source, and to that quarter we will now turn our attention.

(To be continued.)

LES HISTOIRES.—NO. I.

#### ON GAMING.

*'Aleam exerceat, tanta lucrandi perditione temeritate, ut, cum omnia defecerint extremo ac novissimo jactu, de libertate et de corpore contendat.—TAC.*

The stakes run high, the die is cast  
With such an indiscretion;  
That for their lives they throw at last

And all their future hopes do blast  
Through this one fell temptation.

"Life has no longer any charms for me, all its joys have fled and vanished before me, as the murky shades of night when the rising sun shoots forth his glittering rays;—it is now but 'a barren wilderness and a dream!' Hours have passed away that will never return! Days have gone by, that will never bring back accompanying pleasures! Years have rolled on, in a rapid course, leaving, as the swollen torrent its sediment, the 'stings and arrows' incidental to human life. They are all blotted from the book of time, and are swallowed up in eternity! The companions of my youth, the friends of my earliest years, and the play-mates of my infancy heedlessly pass me by, as though the mark of Cain was indelibly stamped on my forehead. Yet there was one, who would not look upon me, with the cold glance of scorn, when we met, but smiles of joy would light up her beautiful countenance; and when the time of parting came, tears of grief stole gently down her lovely cheek. The dull clod now holds the remains of the once animated Maria. Pierced to the heart, her pure spirit could illy brook my worthlessness; could not support the evils, to which the beloved of a vagabond is subjected. 'She pin'd in tho't, and perished through the love she bore me.' Oh! Mortimer, doubly art thou a murderer!"

Such were the exclamations of Adolphus Mortimer, a young man of respectable parentage, brilliant talents, amiable disposition, but, alas! a passionate fondness for gaming. He was an only child, the idol of his parents. Gifted by nature with a mind capable of receiving and applying every instruction which can be instilled into the mind of youth; he early applied himself to acquiring a knowledge of those sciences which are considered requisite for him who in-

tends to shine forth as a 'public character.' At the age of nineteen he retired to the peace and quiet of his father's farm. But there he did not remain long, his mind naturally ardent had become very desirous of participating in the enjoyments and pleasures of the town. He studied law at New-York, with one of the most eminent barristers of that place; and in due time obtained the authority that was necessary to practise. His appearance at the Bar was favorable as could be expected and wished by his warmest friends, his greatest admirers. But nothing enhanced his attachment to the profession he had chosen and the brilliant career in which he was progressing, so much as the black eye that sparkled from beneath long and silken lashes and the tender smiles of Maria Hamilton. He won her affections and obtained the consent of her parents, to crown his wishes. The marriage vow was consummated, and they were united by the holy ties which death alone can rend asunder.

The morning of his life dawned propitious, and promised a calm and serene evening. But the sky which was but now so clear, so bright, was overspread and 'nought but shadows, clouds and darkness rested on it.' The path lately had been strewn with flowers, by which the atmosphere around was sweetened but now they were withered, it disclosed nothing but thorns and dreariness. Adolphus Mortimer became a gambler! His parents' hopes blasted in the bud, he brought down their 'gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' He reduced her, who confided her all in him, to misery, to penury, to wretchedness. She lingered awhile, but the chords of nature were too feeble, she died of that incurable disease,—for which there is no remedy—a broken heart. He who was once, the theme, the admiration of all who knew him is now regarded with nought but disgust. For him there is no pity, for

him there is no love. His name is branded with infamy. He will sink into the tomb forgotten, unknown except for the misery and pain he has produced. Let him be a beacon, 'an awful beacon,' to warn the young men of our land, to steer their vessels from the shoals on which they will inevitably perish, if they indulge in this 'root of all evils.' Life's sea is a tempestuous ocean: every little breeze ruffles its surface and tosses the frail bark man at the mercy of the waves, the sport of 'wind and weather.' Well is gaming called the bane of mankind, the dreadful curse, so full of hopes, so full of fears. He who indulges in this is soon led, by associates into the kindred vices, cursing, lying, cheating, stealing and we may safely add the attendant on every gamester—drinking. It is an evil so very captivating, so very enticing, that it easily induces the warm and youthful mind to enter its snares, set by the wily and treacherous, and yet unseen hand. And it possesses such sway and influence, when once it is master, that the victim may as well attempt to drain the sea of its water, or to 'number the sands on its shore,' as to throw off its shackles.

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\* \* \* \* \* "Pinched by the iron grasp of poverty and the stings of an outrageous conscience, I am reduced to the dire necessity of committing this blackest on the list of crimes—ending my own existence. How can I longer live? where can I turn my head? whither wretched shall I fly? Alas! there is none to console me; no one will endeavour to ease me of the load which is far greater than I can bear: my only relief is death; my only home, that last resort—the grave. But can that long repose ease our troubled spirits?

'For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come  
When we have shuff'd off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause.'

May the youth of my country pay attention to my character; may they read it through and see to what infatuated man may be reduced. None ever entered the world with more flattering expectations than I did; no one will ever leave it so completely wretched. My lamp is almost extinguished; the race of the guilty is almost run. The hangman will be deprived of his office, the physician of his subject; I the unfortunate wretch, so consummate a villain as to destroy and be the cause of the death of three innocent persons, am now about to consign myself to my mother earth, and my name, which has long since been another for degradation, to further obloquy. I cannot hope for pardon hereafter, so heinous is my offence; yet are the gnawings of my own conscience and the bitter contempt of the world, so scalding to my wounded spirit, that to escape from present ills, though I sin both against God and man, I commit this last deed of desperation. A. M."

I visited the place where the remains of 'the unfortunate,' were deposited. It was overgrown with thistles, that nod their heads to the breeze, which sighs as it passes over the spot.

CAROLAN.

#### LAUGHTER.

"Let me play the fool: [come;  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm  
within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the  
jaundice  
By being peevish?"

Indiscriminate praise or blame of any thing about us, physical or moral, generally carries with it a great deal of injustice. For human nature is composed of so many dissimilar ingredients,—is so mixed up of good and evil, that it is almost impossible to bestow much applause,



without approbating what is undeserving, or to find much fault, without detraction of something that is good. It would be well then, if they who take upon themselves the task of instructing the public mind, by animadverting upon what they deem fit objects of censure, would keep this in view, and be careful when they pass judgement not to make use of too sweeping epithets. So much for a general rule, now for the application.

Chesterfield—and he has many disciples—has said, “there is nothing so illiberal, or so ill bred as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made any body laugh.”—“A man may smile, but if he would be thought a gentleman, and a man of sense, he should by no means laugh.” This is a broad assertion, and one that I think is entirely unsupported by facts. It is saying, in so many words, that no one who is cheerful and happy, can be other than a dull and stupid dolt. For though it is graciously admitted that a man may occasionally relax his features into a *smile*, without incurring the imputation of folly, still he is absolutely forbidden to *laugh*, since that would sink him to a state of idiocy at once;—yet I am well persuaded, that when true pleasure is felt it cannot be always suppressed, nor the natural manifestation of its presence be kept within the bounds proscribed—it will break out into a peal of merriment. To laugh when delighted, is the first impulse of our feelings—the feelings are naturally averse to restraint—hence any attempt to check this spontaneous effusion of joy, must rob the mind of a part of that gratification which it would experience from a free indulgence. And will any one say that owing to the structure of their minds, men of sense are less liable to be thus excited? Surely not. A ludicrous or playful image in the mind will invariably prompt to mirth; and in pro-

portion as men are endowed with a richness of fancy and acuteness of perception, the number of such images will be increased, and the consequent manifestation of their existence, as exhibited by external appearances, will be more frequent. “The highest talent” remarks a late author, “has been found in the happiest men—so generally united are genius, virtue, and enjoyment.”

It is a matter of curiosity to enquire what class of persons they are, to whom the noble courtier will, by this rule, concede the praise of being men of sense—the strength and depth of whose intellect are to be measured, in an inverse ratio, by the expansion of their features. Are they those who have spent much of a toilsome life in the developement of nature’s first principles, that, by the discovery and adaptation of these to the arts, they may increase the comforts and happiness of their fellow beings? Are they the men who have dived into the chambers of the soul, watched the secret workings of the heart, and examined the complicated springs of human actions, that, assisted by their knowledge of the mind and its operations, they can devise measures best suited to improve the social relations of life? Or are they, rather, such as have occupied the higher regions of Poetry and Romance, infusing into our enraptured minds something of the strength and brightness of theirs, and leading us at will through flowery paths and over rugged rocks, the ideal creation of their own Genius and Fancy? No! none of these; for they are obnoxious to the test that is given. The researches of Philosophy, the soarings of Genius, and the flights of Fancy are not always continued. Men belonging to the classes that have been enumerated will, at times, relax their exertions, mingle with the gay, and *laugh* with the merriest. Who then are free of this crying sin—this, that has been stigmatised as a “mark of silliness

and low breeding?" The class, I suppose, to which the polished mentor himself belonged,—they that have been initiated into the arcana of good breeding,—who can compose "their countenance to an air of gentleness and *douceur*,"—who are able to enter or leave a room with a reasonable degree of impertinent assurance, without betraying any of the disgraceful appearances of modest embarrassment,—who are versed in the chronicles of the fashions,—who are shocked at the least breach of the statutes of "*bienveillance*," however few compunctions it may cost them to be guilty of a violation of any of those rules, of comparatively minor importance—the laws of God and man.

And yet if our modern race of "fine gentlemen" is any thing like a fair representation of that class as it formerly existed,—unless the school has wofully degenerated since the days of Chesterfield, there must be some mistake in this. I have never known, nor heard, that the fashionables and dandies of our day, were noted for being superlatively gifted with profundity of intellect or brilliancy of talent. However, it is difficult to determine what originality of thought it may require for the invention of a fashion, what penetration of mind to ascertain the exact angle and curvature of the body which shall constitute a graceful bow, or what degree of elegant fancy may be displayed in the tie of a cravat. But this is a digression.

Lord Chesterfield was certainly well versed in the rules of "good society," and has made many very just and pertinent observations, but I must really think, that this cannot be considered as one of them. Men of sense will still laugh, and their friends notwithstanding think them no fools.

"Dulce est desipere in loco," is the creed of my philosophy. Reason and Folly are yoked together in human nature, and are appointed to

make the journey of life in company:—it is but right then, that they should lead the way by turns, and that they should alternately indulge themselves at each other's expense, and occasionally unite in fellowship of enjoyment. In travelling through this "dark vale of tears and sorrow"—which, by the by, is much of the way a journey of fun, jokes and sunshine—one frequently meets with little incidents, witnesses curious scenes, or hears ludicrous expressions, which might bring a smile on the sour phiz of Heraclitus himself. They are the salt of life that gives it all its flavor. They impart new vigor to the spirits of him who is disposed to be frolicsome, and prevent the austere contemnors of cheerfulness from turning quite into—stumps. I will never envy the man who cannot laugh, and laugh heartily, at a "good thing." I always fancy, that such persons are trying to conceal under this affectation of gravity, their want of sense and apprehension; men

Of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

They cannot comprehend the point of a witticism, and they pretend to despise its frivolity. This hypocritical, awkward imitation of true dignity, has been well defined by Rochefoucauld, to be "a mysterious carriage of the body, to hide defects of the mind." A. J.

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## SELECTED.

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### WOMEN.

BY JOHN NEAL EDITOR OF THE "YANKEE"

It were no easy matter to describe the women of a small neighbourhood—or of a single parish, set apart, in one of the isles of the sea, from all the rest of the earth. How much more difficult to describe those of a large country, by a few general remarks. It is not so with the men. They

may be hit off in the lump. They are the herbage, not the blossom of a country. They are all of a hue—they are not like flowers that blow under the pressure of the foot, and fade away before you have time to trace the perfume of their dying breath—to the trodden and crushed root you have scarred with your heel as you hurried by. They are not like women—as changeable as light, and as fluctuating as the shadow of a summer-sea. They are more like the substantialities that you see about you, heavy, and rocky, and steadfast.

Men are the realities, women the poetry of this world. Men are the trees—women the fruitage and flower. The former delight in a rude soil—they strike their roots downward with a perpetual effort, heave their proud branches upward, in perpetual strife. Are they to be removed?—you must tear up the very earth with their roots, rock, and ore, and impurity, or they perish. They cannot be translated with safety. Something of their home—a little of their native soil must cling to them forever, or they die. Not so with woman—give her but air and sky enough, and she will seek no nourishment of the earth, strike no roots downwards—urge no sceptre upward—but content herself with shedding light and cheerfulness on every thing she touches. Would you remove her—you have but to unclasp a few green delicate fibres, to scatter a few blossoms, and to shake off a few large drops—like the rain drops of a summer shower—and, lo! she is ready to depart with you whithersoever you may steer. She does not cling to the soil, she does not yearn for a native earth—all she needs any where is something to grow to. Her vitality is untouched—her sympathies unhurt, by the influence of a new sky or strange air. It may be, that in her youth, her blossoming was about the door-way of a cottage—it may be that she is transplanted to a

palace; made to breathe the hot and crouded air, to bask in the artificial sunshine of a city—in shadow, in smoke, and a most exaggerating atmosphere.—But even there she is happy—she carries her home with her; and though what she clings to may sicken at the heart and perish at the roots, for lack of its native air, she will put forth her beauty, and scatter her perfume as before.

These things are easily said. But are they true? we are liable to be carried away by poetry and metaphor, and illustration—but illustration, poetry, and metaphor, what do they prove?—what are they good for?

Why should it be more difficult to describe the women than the men of a small neighbourhood, of a remote parish of a large country? Try the experiment yourself. Go into the first church you see open, or to any other place where you may meet a multitude of women gathered together. Try to give a reader a general idea of their dress—nay try to give any body a general idea of part of it—of the fashion of their bonnets. You will find the hats of the men all alike—but the bonnets, you will seldom or never find two alike in the whole house—I might say, on the face of the whole earth. Such is the very nature of woman: quick, apt, sensible and precipitate, with an eye for colour that men have not, with an ear for music that men have not, and with a taste for shape that shows itself in every thing that she builds up. A woman studies change and variety—it is a reproach for her to dress alike—I do not say to be alike—for twenty-four hours at a time. She would blush to be caught twice a year at a ball in the same or a similar dress. And where it may not be in her power to put on a new robe every day, it is the study of a large part of her life to appear to do so—to multiply and vary, by all sorts of contrivances, the few that she may have, now by altering the shape, now



by giving a new dye, now by changing the ribands, or a flounce, or a furbelow, and now, it may be, by converting slips into frocks, or frocks into slips, or both into spencers or riding habits—all which a woman may do from her youth up, yet more from a love of change than from her secret wish to appear better than she is. And so with not a few of our men. The more youthful they are, the more sensitive they are: the more like women they are, the more changeable and capricious they are. But why should I complain of this? I do not—I only mention the fact for the purpose of showing how difficult it is to give to another a general idea of the character of a group of women.—Before the hue is copied—it is altered. Before the outline is finished, it is no longer the same. You are in pursuit of the rainbow—you are describing a changeable landscape under the drifting clouds of a changeable sky—you are after a bird of paradise—a feather—a butterfly—

And every touch that woos its stay  
Brushes it brightest hues away.

But is this to complain?—if I say that flowers are not men; what say I more than every body, woman as well as man, should delight to acknowledge? Are we to be imprisoned forever, and aye with realities? Are we to live under a marble firmament, because, forsooth, a marble firmament may have more stability? Are we, who live in the very midst of change and fluctuation, who are never the same for two minutes together, who see all the elements circular forever and ever within us and around us, through all the vicissitudes of shadow and light, and youth and age; are we to speak irreverently of her, who, by the greater fineness and greater purity of her corporeal texture, is made more sensible than we, to the influences of sky and air, and sea and earth? As well might we deride the perfume of the flower, and the hue of the wild rose,

or the flavor of a peach, for not being as fixed and immutable as the very earth we tread on. Are we to speak slightly of that, which, with all its changes, and through all its changes, is still a woman—the witchery and power, the pulse and life-blood of our being? Let us remember that the charm of the very sky is its changeableness—of the very earth, is its being never the same for a long time together—of the very sea and air, that they change with every breath you draw and with every word you speak.

—like sunshine in the rill  
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

### STATISTICAL REPORT

*Of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America.*

PREPARED BY THE REV. EZRA STILES ELY,  
D. D. STATED CLERK OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, on the first of June, A. D. 1828, had under its care SIXTEEN SYNODS, viz.

I. The Synod of Albany, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Londonderry, 2. Newburyport, 3. Champlain, 4. St. Lawrence, 5. Ogdensburg, 6. Oswego, 7. Oneida, 8. Otsego, 9. Albany, 10. Troy, 11. Columbia.

II. The Synod of New-York, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Hudson, 2. North River, 3. Long Island, 4. New-York, 5. New-York Second.

III. The Synod of New-Jersey, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Newark, 2. Elizabethtown, 3. New-Brunswick, 4. Newton, 5. Susquehanna.

IV. The Synod of Geneva, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Chenango, 2. Cortland, 3. Onondaga, 4. Cayuga, 5. Geneva, 6. Bath.

V. The Synod of Genesee, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Ontario, 2. Rochester, 3. Genesee, 4. Niagara, 5. Buffalo.

VI. The Synod of Philadelphia,

containing the Presbyteries of 1. Philadelphia, 2. Newcastle, 3. Lewes, 4. Baltimore, 5. The District of Columbia, 6. Carlisle, 7. Huntington, 8. Northumberland.

VII. The Synod of Pittsburgh, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Allegheny, 2. Erie, 3. Hartford, 4. Redstone, 5. Steubenville, 6. Washington, 7. Ohio.

VIII. The Synod of the Western Reserve, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Detroit, 2. Grand River, 3. Portage, 4. Huron, 5. Trumbull.

IX. The Synod of Ohio, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Columbus, 2. Richland, 3. Chillicothe, 4. Lancaster, 5. Athens, 6. Miami, 7. Cincinnati.

X. The Synod of Indiana, containing the Presbytery of 1. Salem, 2. Madison, 3. Wabash, 4. Missouri.

XI. The Synod of Kentucky, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Louisville, 2. Muhlenburgh, 3. Transylvania, 4. West Lexington, 5. Ebenezer.

XII. The Synod of Virginia, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Winchester, 2. Hanover, 3. Lexington.

XIII. The Synod of North Carolina, containing the presbyteries of 1. Orange, 2. Fayetteville, 3. Concord, 4. Mecklenburg.

XIV. The Synod of Tennessee, containing the Presbyteries of 1. Abingdon, 2. Union, 3. Holston, 4. French Broad.

XV. The Synod of West Tennessee, containing the Presbyteries of 1. West Tennessee, 2. Shiloh, 3. Mississippi, 4. North Alabama.

XVI. The Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, containing the Presbyteries of 1. South Carolina, 2. Bethel, 3. Hopewell, 4. Charleston Union, 5. Harmony, 6. Georgia, 7. South Alabama.

The foregoing 16 SYNODS comprehend 90 PRESBYTERIES, under whose watch and government, are returned *Twelve Hundred and Eighty Five* ordained Ministers; 194 licensed

preachers; 242 candidates for the gospel ministry, who are pursuing their studies; 1,968 churches; and 146,308 communicants, of whom 15,095 were added the last year, on examination, or by certificate. If we subtract the communicants removed by certificate from one church to another, and those removed by death, we shall find the actual increase of communicants in the year ending May 1st 1828, to be 11,023; and the actual increase in the year ending May 1st 1827, amounted to 7,793. The increase of the last year was greater than in the year previous, by 3,230.

The adults baptized the last year were 3,389; and the infants 10,790; making a total of 14,179 baptisms; which exceed those of the year ending May 1st 1827, by 785.

From *six Presbyteries* no returns have been made this year, of additions to the church, baptisms, and pecuniary collections. In the Eighty-four Presbyteries which have reported, are included several hundred churches which have made no returns, last year, to their respective Presbyteries.

The funds collected and reported in the following tables, are \$23,993 59 for Missionary purposes; \$2,851 36 to defray the travelling expenses of commissioners to the General Assembly; \$516 13 for the clerk hire, and other contingent expenses of Presbyteries; \$3,353 69 in aid of Theological Seminaries; and \$8,023 26 for the education of poor and pious youth who have in view the gospel ministry.

The vacant churches actually returned are 591; but we may safely say, since six Presbyteries are not brought into the account, that there are now 636 churches, duly organized in our connexion, which have neither pastors nor stated preachers; nor any but occasional Missionaries to break unto them the bread of life. Our licentiates and candidates a-

mount to no more than 436 persons; so that were they actually settled in our vacancies, 200 congregations would remain destitute of spiritual guides. Before, however, our candidates can be fitted for, and introduced to their work, new congregations will be multiplied more rapidly than preachers; unless our lamentable deficiency in the number of our labourers should discourage the organization in the Presbyterian form. Of our ministers, 226 supply 502 churches; being intrusted with from two to four each. Of our ministers, thirty are pastors of congregational churches, not under the care of any Presbytery.

### THE LITERARY REGISTER.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1828.

We learn from a late No. of the New Harmony Gazette, that Robert Owen has gone to the Eastward, and will probably visit England before his return to that place.

We presume, then, that he declines meeting Mr. Campbell, who has accepted his challenge to debate the question of the existence of a Creator. This we regret. For although we have not the highest opinion of Mr. C's orthodoxy; nor the most exalted ideas of his talents or acquirements; and are of the opinion, that the result of some previous "reencounters" of this kind may have excited a kind of haunting suspicion, even in his own mind, that he is not altogether "invincible in debate"—yet we know no man, whose character and standing and peculiarly pugnacious propensities, so plainly point him out as the knight destined to demolish this walking windmill. Mr. C. loves to be merry—and his happy talent for sarcasm and caricature would have found ample scope in this debate. These certainly never was a more legitimate subject for ridicule than Mr. O's system of morality and religion, or rather, of immorality and irreligion.

Indeed it is only because it would furnish Mr. C. with a "fund of amusement," perhaps not altogether *unprofitable* to himself, nor useless to the public, that we would be

pleased to see him (or any man of good sense and respectable acquirements) condescend seriously to notice the ravings of this madman and his maniac crew. Their tenets, so far as they assume any tangible form, are by far too silly and absurd to be dangerous. After all, it is hard to discover what their real sentiments are, except that they seem to be the reverse of common sense and sound principle. But farewell to all hopes of the debate and the book that might have followed. Mr. O. has even yet too much prudence to hazard such an experiment of his eloquence and temper.

The N. H. Gazette seems to have abandoned the little regard it formerly entertained for religion; and at one mighty stride, <sup>it</sup> the march of mind, to have taken the broad ground of Atheism. Perhaps this change was found necessary in order to accommodate the creed of the canton, to the state of affairs consequent upon the failure of the community scheme, which, disguise it as they may, now no longer exists. The Editors,—for we learn that they are twain,—male and female, but far be it from them ever to become one flesh—they would rather discuss the principle of *change* and *exercise* the discipline of *divorce*,—prefer the philosophy of Epicurus to that of Aristotle, because, forsooth, the former is *unknown* and the latter has been preserved by *priests*; very sufficient reasons for both their predilection and aversion. They are angry with the clergy for awarding merit to belief, which they seem to consider a very useless and very harmless thing, producing no consequences in action; while at the same time their most potent wrath and their mightiest rhetoric are levelled at erroneous faith and false sentiments, as chargeable [how?] with all the misery in the world. Guilt, in the common acceptation, seems not to belong to their vocabulary of terms, nor to their catalogue of ideas. Still, as in the case of other maniacs, there are perceptible some gleams of reason and occasional strokes of cunning. As an instance of the latter, we would notice the doctrine, that faith or belief is irresponsible! Unless they can establish this position, they need not expect, that professing the principles they do, on the most important subjects connected with society and manners,—the thinking and judicious will have any intercourse with them, or repose any confidence in them more than with

the serpent that hisses in their path or in the robber that has threatened to break up their dwelling.

Speaking of Mr. O. and his establishment, the Monthly Review makes the following pertinent remarks, from which we perceive, that correct information on the subject has reached even the British Reviewers:

"Two visionary theorists seldom agree; on the the contrary they meet only to enter into conflict. Our author [a British tourist,] looking upon his favourite Louisiana as the spot to which all emigration and capital should be directed, has no patience with Mr. Owen's settlement at New Harmony. It must be owned, that our cynic was for once on the right side of the question. Never was an insane conception pursued with so much perseverance, and worked up into more systematic forms, than that which has engrossed the greater portion of Mr. Owen's life, and a very large share of his fortune. Having expended 150,000 dollars in purchasing the establishment of the well known fanatic Rapp, in Indiana, about thirty miles above the mouth of the Big Wabash, he meditated in the first instance, the erection of an immense pile of building, capable of receiving a numerous community, destined to form 'a society unshackled by all those fetters which religion, education, prejudices, and manners, had imposed upon the human species. His followers were to exhibit to the world, the novel and interesting example of a community, which, laying aside every form of worship, and all religious belief in a Supreme Being, should be capable of enjoying the highest social happiness, by no other means than the impulse of innate egotism.

'Mechanics of every description—people who had any useful art—were to be admitted into this community. Those who paid 500 dollars, were to be free from any obligation to work. The time of the members was to be divided between working,

reading, and dancing. A ball was to be given every day, and was to be regularly attended by the community. Divine service, or worship of any kind was entirely excluded; in lieu of it, moreover, a ball was to be given every Sunday. The children were to be summoned to school by beat of drum. A newspaper was to be published, chiefly treating of their own affairs, and of the entertainments and the regulations of the community, amounting to about 500 members, of both sexes, composed almost exclusively of adventurers of every nation, who expected joyful days.'

This mad and wicked project soon vanished into air, upon an attempt being made to reduce it to practice. A large community was, we believe, assembled together, but disorder, the natural offspring of impiety, followed, and the settlement was, we are told, ultimately abandoned. This failure, however, only seems to have confirmed Mr. Owen in his insanity, for he still dreams of new nations which are to receive him for their patriarch and lawgiver."

#### FROM EUROPE.

*Postscript to Niles' Register of July 19.*—After this paper was prepared for the press, we received intelligence, via New York, that on the night of the 13th of May, a large body of Russian troops crossed the Danube, near Sillistria, and the Turks, after an obstinate engagement on the 15th, in which they mustered more men than it was supposed could be brought together at the point where they were attacked, were defeated with a loss of between 9000 and 10,000 killed, and 3,500 prisoners. The loss on the Russian side seems to have been by no means inconsiderable, amounting to 4,750 killed and wounded.

Major Jurgentz had another affair with the enemy, near the villages of Czranowodica, who had passed the

Danube with 1000 men, some leagues above Rudschuck. This affair lasted six hours. The enemy who was then put to flight, left 200 dead on the field, carrying off his wounded. On the following day, the scraskier Assan Bey, pacha of Rudschuck, made a sally from that fortress, near Turkuloy. He attacked General Dostorow, with 15,000 cavalry and infantry, with great impetuosity, both by land and water. The general, however, defeated the enemy with great loss, and pursued him 20 wersts. The Turks had 2,500 men killed, the Russians, took 159 prisoners, among whom is Abim pacha,—one cannon, and three standards.

After the above piece of intelligence was in type, we received the Baltimore Gazette of the 21st July, containing the following counter-statement:

By the packet ship New-York, Captain Bennett, at New-York, which sailed from Liverpool, on the 16th ultimo, London papers of the 15th, and Liverpool of the 16th inclusive, are received.

The Russian bulletin, as was conjectured, turns out to be a forgery, devised probably by speculators in the stocks. A letter from Berlin of the 3d June, states that the Nuremberg Gazette, from which the Bulletin was said to have been copied, contained no such article. It is also said that with a few changes of dates and names, it is a mere copy of an old official bulletin of a series of engagements between the Russians and Turks in former wars.

### SUMMARY.

The manufacture of sugar from the beet continues to flourish in France. It is stated that there are more than 60 manufactories for the purpose in that country.

Out of the 87,000 persons in Canada, who presented in the late petition to Parliament, only 7,000 were able to sign their names; the rest made their marks. This is certainly a melancholy proof of the want of education in these provinces.

**TURKEY.** Population of the European part of the empire:

Valachia and Moldavia	1,400,000
Servia	950,000
Bosnia, Croatia, and Herzegnoina	700,000
Bulgaria	1,200,000
Albania	800,000
Epirus	370,000
Macedonia	500,000
Roumelia, or Thrace	2,380,000
Thessalia	370,000
Greece Proper, Morea, and the islands	1,300,000

Total 9,890,000

Dividing this population by races, we have about three millions of Greeks, two millions and a half of Scalvonians, two millions Turks, nearly one million Albanians, one million and a half Valachians, or Rumnianasty. The Greeks and Turks are scattered in every province, and the Albanians and Valachians are found in colonies out of their respective countries. Again, if we classify the population by religions, we have about three millions of mussulmans, including the Albanian and Sclavonian proselytes, six millions of Christians of the Greek church, and the rest Jews.

Turkey in Asia is supposed to contain about 11,500,000 souls, of which about one half are genuine Turks—the rest Armenians, Curds, &c. showing a gross population of 21,050,000, exclusive of the possessions in Africa.

‘Never judge from manners.’ (says Lord Byron,) ‘for I once had my pocket picked by the *civilist* gentleman I ever met with, and one of the *mildest* persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha.’

**ROBISON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.**—The United States' ship Vincennes visited the island of Juan Fernandez, off the Coast of Chili, a few months since, and remained three days. There were two Yankees and six Otaheitans on the island. The former had formed a settlement for the purpose of supplying the whale ships with fish, poultry, and vegetables. The soil is said to be astonishingly fertile.

Lately, in a Roman Catholic town in Europe, a Protestant and a Catholic were buried in one grave! This is the first time, probably, that bigotry has not prevented such an interment in that part of the world.

Gon. Porter took the oath of office, and entered upon his duties, as Secretary of War, on Saturday, June 21.

In Leipsig, which has always been the centre of the book trade in Germany, there are 60 book-stores, in addition to which 450 foreign booksellers have regular agents in the city. Twenty-two printing offices, employing 424 workmen and 125 apprentices, furnish work for 128 presses. The quantity of paper annually printed is estimated at 40,



435,000 sheets. Two hundred individuals are employed as type-founders, lithographic- and copperplate printers.

**INDIAN WARRANT.**—At the court of Barnstable county, formerly, says Judge Davis in his new edition of Morton's N. England Memorial, we often heard from our aged friends and Vineyard gentlemen, amusing anecdotes of Indian rulers. The following warrant was recollected, which was issued by one of those Indian Magistrates, directed to an Indian Constable, and will not suffer in comparison with our verbose form:

I Hihoudi,  
You Peter Waterman;  
Jeremy Wickett;  
Quick you take him,  
Fast you hold him,  
Straight you bring him  
Before me—HIHOUDI.

It is stated, on the authority of kings received from Norway, that the King of Denmark is about to resign his throne in favour of his son.

The annual expenditure of the Corporation of the city of London in feasting amounts to about twelve thousand pounds—twice as much as the salary of the President of the United States.

We are informed, says a London paper, that the Junior Fellows of Trinity College have it in contemplation to petition parliament to have the statute repealed, which enjoins single blessedness on them.—They want *double blessedness*.

A small semi-weekly paper is published at Valparaiso, by an enterprising Yankee, at \$12 per annum. Papers are charged in proportion to the chance of circulation. In some of the W. I. Islands weekly papers are \$12 or more.

Green Peas in London on the 15 of May last, had fallen to the moderate price of two guineas a quart, which to a tolerably numerous party, would afford a tea spoonful to each of the guests.

The late Anniversary has been celebrated with enthusiasm in all parts of the United States; and though many of the sentiments uttered on the occasion are strongly marked by the prejudices and passions of party, they generally breathe a spirit of devotion to our free institutions that shames the clamors of the disaffected. In many places the day was celebrated by sabbath schools. The number of scholars that attended the celebration at Richmond, Virginia, amounted to upwards of 850; they marched in procession to Trinity church, attended by the civil, judicial, and municipal officers, where an appropriate address was delivered: at Whiteboro, N. Y. 500 children attached to similar institutions, joined in the ceremonies of the day; and at Hartford, Conn. 1200 were present.

At the celebration in Providence R. I. forty veterans of the revolution (whose names and ages are given in the Providence American) attended the dinner given them by the young men of that town.

—Capt. Waterman, the oldest, will be 85 in August; the youngest, who enlisted as a drummer, is over 59 years of age. Four colored persons also attended, one of whom, Watson, was a captain in the black regiment raised in Rhode Island, which did excellent service in the revolutionary war. Whole number present 44. Two years ago, at the jubilee, 111 attended. The worthy old soldiers were highly pleased with the hospitality extended to them. One of them had a drum with him which he carried in the revolutionary war.

The examination of candidates for graduation at the ensuing Commencement of the Ohio University, in Athens, will begin on the 12th inst.

A quarry of oil stones, said to be superior to the best imported from Turkey, has been discovered in Perry county, Ohio.

**"FIGHTING MACHINES."** Napoleon drew large supplies of men from Italy, who were used only as *fighting machines*. An Italian officer who has lately published a work entitled, "Memoirs of the military history of the Italians, from 1801 to 1815," informs us that the kingdom of Italy alone, furnished to the army in Spain thirty thousand men, of which only nine thousand came back. The kingdom of Naples sent ten thousand, of which eighteen hundred returned. Piedmont, Genoa, Tuscany, Parma, and Rome, sent also their regiments to swell the ranks of the French army in Spain. In the campaign of 1812, Italy sent fifty thousand men to Russia, of which about five thousand at the utmost, recrossed the Niemen.

#### ADAMS' LETTER.

The following letter, written by the father of the present Chief Magistrate of our Union, to his wife, on the day succeeding the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, is remarkable for the spirit of prophecy, or, to say the least, the clear perception of the future with which its author seems to have been inspired. It has been well described by his biographer, as "a true and unartificial effusion of ardent, enlightened and disinterested patriotism." And we are of opinion, with an Eastern editor, that, next to the reading of the Declaration itself, the perusal of this letter, would be no inappropriate exercise, at the celebrations of our national festival.

"Yesterday, the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, ne-

ver was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, 'that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.' The day is passed. The fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated, by succeeding generations as the anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not."

#### AMERICAN NAVY.

The American navy consists of fifty vessels; of which there are seven 74's, or ships of the line; seven 44's, or frigates of the largest class; four of the second class, including the Fulton steam ship: thirteen sloops of war; seven schooners, and other vessels. The 74's are the Independence, Franklin, Washington, Columbus, Ohio, North Carolina, and Delaware—the frigates are the Constitution, United States, Guerriere, Java, Potomac, Brandywine and Hudson, Congress, Constellation, Macedonian and Fulton—the sloops of war are the John Adams, Cyane, Hornet, Erie, Ontario, Peacock, Boston, Lexington, Vincennes, Warren, Natchez, Falmouth and Fairfield; the schooners are, among others, the Dolphin, Grampus, Porpoise, Shark, Fox, Alert, and Sea Gull. At the present

time, nineteen of the above are in ordinary, and twenty-one in commission. In addition, five ships of the line, six frigates, and three sloops of war, are now building, and in a state of forwardness. The Constitution, United States, and Constellation frigates were launched, in 1797, and are the oldest vessels in the navy; the Congress and John Adams in 1799; the Hornet in 1803, from which time till 1813, an interval of ten years, no public vessel was built. The Macedonian frigate and Alert sloop of war, captured in that year, have ever since remained in the navy.

Of the vessels at sea, the Delaware 74, Java 44, Ontario 18, Lexington 18, and Warren 18, form a squadron in the Mediterranean, of which the former is the flag ship. The Brandywine 44, Vincennes 18, and Dolphin 12, are in the Pacific; the Macedonian 36, and Boston 18, on the coast of Brazil; the Constellation 36, the Hornet 18, Erie 18, Natchez 18, Falmouth 18, Grampus 12, and Shark 12, are in the West Indies.—*Niles.*

*Silly Women.*—Nothing can be more mistaken than the common idea, that, because a woman is silly, she is easily to be won. It is possible that it *may* turn out so; but then there is no making sure of her when she is won. But the ordinary fact is, that this very silliness makes her conquest more difficult than that of any one. Archimedes needed a fulcrum to move the world, and so must a wooer have the fulcrum of the mind and heart, whereby to move the affections. Why cannot we direct the course of a balloon? Because the air affords nothing that we can *grip*. We are blown about as chance may direct, not advanced by the exercise of our own will. And thus, in the pursuit of a silly woman, there is nothing for us to grasp, and thence we owe our progress, if we make any, to chance alone. A man who knows women, would rather attack Diana and Minerva in one, than a fool.

## POETRY.



## ORIGINAL.

## ON THE DEATH OF C. L. C.

Alone to our village the stranger came—  
Brightest hopes then illumined his youthful  
brow;

But the blithsome look, and the vigorous  
frame  
Of that hapless stranger—Oh! where are  
they now?

He is sleeping the sleep of the dreamless  
dead,  
And the clod of the valley now pillows his  
head.

It is ever a fearful thing to die,  
Though it be on the bosom of those that are  
dear;

Though a father and mother receive the  
last sigh  
Of the spirit that's fleeting—and follow the  
bier;  
Though brothers and sisters should kneel  
round the tomb,  
And lament with deep grief for our early  
doom.

But away in a far and a distant land,  
To yield, among strangers, our latest  
breath;—

Our eyes to be closed by an unknown  
hand—

Oh! it doubly adds to the fear of death!  
Thus we'll learn to esteem the endearments  
of home,  
And repress the wild wish that incites us to  
roam.

## SELECTED.

## THE HERO'S DEATH.

BY HALLECK.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!

Come to the mother's when she feels  
For the first time her first-born's breath;

Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine:  
And thou art terrible—the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,

And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come when his task of fame is wrought—  
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood bought—  
Come in her crowning hour—and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men:  
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,  
When the land wind from woods of palm,  
And orange groves and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Fear not that, while around thee  
Life's varied blessings pour,  
One smile of her shall wound thee,  
Whose smile now charms no more.

May the new ties that bind thee  
Far sweeter, happier prove,  
Nor e'er of me remind thee,  
But by their truth and love.

Think how asleep or waking,  
Thy image haunts me yet;  
But how this heart is breaking,  
For thy own peace forget.

## AGENTS FOR THE REGISTER.

*Baltimore City*.—Dr. Annan.  
*Cincinnati, O.*.—Edward Woodruff.  
*Dayton, O.*.—Martin Smith.  
*Eaton, O.*.—Isaac Stephens.  
*Franklin, O.*.—Col. M. W. Earheart.  
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## THE LITERARY REGISTER,

Is published weekly, at \$2 a year if paid  
in advance:—\$2.50, if paid within eight  
months: If not paid till after that period  
Three Dollars.

\* \* \* All communications must be address-  
ed to "The Acting Editor of the Literary  
Register," and sent free of postage.

No subscription received for a shorter pe-  
riod than one year.

PUBLISHED FOR THE SOCIETIES' PRESS,

J. D. SMITH, PR.